

The Breathitt News,
\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. WISE HAGINS, EDITOR.

Friday, September 18.

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JACKSON, - KENTUCKY.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in Postoffice Building,
Phone 54. Jackson, Ky.

Notice to Candidates.

Announcements of candidates for office will be charged for as follows:

For a District Office... \$10.00

For a County Office... 5.00

Except a complimentary notice given each candidate at the time he announces, all communications boosting candidates will be charged for at 5 cents per line. Such communications will be treated as purely advertising matter for which The News does not assume any responsibility.

Cash must accompany all orders for such advertising.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

I take this means of announcing myself as a candidate for County Court Clerk of Breathitt County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected I shall, regardless of party affiliations, be your most obedient servant.

ALFRED RUSSELL.

To the Voters of Breathitt Co.: I am a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk, to be voted for at the November election, 1909.

GEO. W. NOBLE.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce

ROBERT DEATON,

of Crockettville, as a candidate for Sheriff of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce

WESLEY TURNER, JR.,

as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

MIKE ROBINSON

as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

J. H. HUDSON

as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

G. B. MALONEY

as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

We are authorized to announce

ED. DEATON

as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Schools of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Funeral Meeting.

The funerals of Liberty Crawford, Isabel Crawford, Stephen Crawford, Prudis Crawford, Valentine Crawford, Jr., and Simeon Crawford will be conducted by Bro. Ball and others at Beginning Branch school house on the first Sunday in October, 1909.



BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**

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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

Alwyn Bennett at first glance had little to distinguish him from the average good looking young man about town. But a closer observer would have noticed a firmness about the shapely mouth, an honesty and strength of purpose about the eyes, a general air of latent power that lay unawakened beneath the jolly, purposeless exterior. No crisis had yet called forth any special manifestation of this power, and meanwhile Bennett was content to loaf through an existence that thus far had been decidedly pleasant. The only son of a widowed mother who advised and spoiled him, more than comfortably well off from the great fortune amassed by his dead father, possessed of a social position unassailable and equally fortunate in that mysterious quality that spells popularity—all these gifts had saved Alwyn Bennett the trouble of fighting life's battle or showing who might be within his reach.

"Good old Bennett!" barked Perry. "We were just talking about you."



Dallas Wainwright.

"Good!" answered Alwyn. "Anything is better than indifference. What were you saying about me?"

"You tell him, Dallas!" grinned the boy.

"Be quiet!" whispered his sister, flushing with vexation.

"Then I'll tell for myself," went on Perry gleefully. "I was just asking her."

Seeing the girl's confusion, Bennett quickly changed the subject by interjecting:

"My mother will be over here in a few minutes, Dallas. She is bringing along a guest of ours, who says you and she were chums at school—Miss Garrison."

"Cynthia Garrison! Oh, I'll be ever so glad to see her again!"

"I know who she is!" cried Perry, refusing to be snubbed. "They say she's a gorgeous looker. When her father was under the hammer I bought in her two pet Boston terriers, Betty and Prince. Maybe that won't make me solid with her, eh? Well, I guess. All I ask is a start, and you'll find a whole lot of cripples slower than I'll be. If they're walking over I might wander out, sort of aimless-like and happen to meet 'em. Maybe that's a bum idea? Good old me!"

Full of his Machiavellian scheme, the lad bolted through the long window and was gone.

"Dallas," began Bennett, without preamble, "you must surely know why I'm here today. You've seen that paragraph in the—"

"I have seen it," she answered quietly.

Taken aback by her manner, Bennett hesitated an instant; then asked nervously:

"The rumor isn't true, Dallas? Tell me it isn't."

"Why shouldn't it be true?" she countered, as though not wholly sorry to witness the new look her words called to his face. The look deepened as Bennett continued:

"You don't love Gibbs? Surely you don't love him?"

"I—"

The French windows swung wide, breaking off her reply.

CHAPTER II.

ALWYN BENNETT turned sharply toward the window, angry at the interruption, but Perry Wainwright, ushering two ladies in from the veranda, met his scowl with a wink of triumph.

"Not so bad, eh?" called the boy. "Met them as they were turning into the drive. You see?"

"Oh," observed the younger of the two women—a pretty, flower faced girl who since her entrance into the room had been engaged in exchanging delighted greetings with Dallas. "So you came to meet us? You said you just happened?"

"Did I?" asked Perry in deep amazement. "Well, well! The fact is, I wanted to do something startling in

honor of meeting you, so I told my first lie. I—"

"Don't mind him, Cynthia!" laughed Dallas. "He's taken that way quite often."

"Oh, it's his usual pace, then?" queried Miss Garrison innocently. "I thought perhaps he was just warming up."

"And now," pursued Dallas, taking possession of Cynthia, much to Perry's disgust, "tell me all about yourself. Have—"

"There isn't much to tell. But there's going to be. I'm going to work."

"Work? What for?"

"For a living, of course."

"Not really?"

"Yes, isn't it ridiculous?" broke in Mrs. Bennett, a sweet little old lady who now found her first chance to edge in a word amid the general volley of talk. "But Cynthia is set on doing it."

"Why shouldn't I? I haven't a dollar, and there's a theory that one must live."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Dallas.

"I don't know. I have a pretty good education. I shall find something. I—Dallas, I think your brother is giving us a high sign of some sort."

"I am!" declared Perry. "I just wanted to tell you there's a surprise waiting for you. Two surprises in one kennel. Want to see 'em?"

"What is he talking about?" queried Cynthia, appealing to Dallas for light on the mystery.

"About Betty and Prince Charlie," retorted Perry. "Your two Boston terriers that I bought. Want to see 'em?"

"Oh, the darlings! Of course I do. Where are they?"

"Come along and I'll show you. The darlings, eh? Talk like that makes me wish I was a dog."

"Don't despair," suggested Cynthia. "Maybe you'll grow."

Still puzzling vaguely as to the meaning of this cryptic utterance, Perry followed Miss Garrison from the room, a grin of satisfied ambition wreathing his tanned face.

"To think of poor little Cynthia having to go to work!" sighed Dallas, looking after them. "One would as soon think of putting a butterfly into harness. Is it true she has no money left?"

"I'm afraid it's only too true," answered Mrs. Bennett. "Her father lost everything in speculating. He was cashier of the Israel Putnam Trust company and afterward president of it."

She paused as the office door opened and Thompson, the secretary, came into the room. At sight of Mrs. Bennett he seemed about to turn back; but, changing his purpose, crossed to the table and began to look for some documents he had failed to gather up.

"What was the rest of the story about Mr. Garrison?" asked Dallas, really interested in the older woman's recital.

Thompson's papers slipped through his fingers and went skidding across the polished floor. The others looked around in surprise.

"Excuse me!" muttered the secretary as he stooped to gather up the documents. "Very awkward! I'm sorry."

He went on arranging the scattered papers in his usual unobtrusive silence, endeavoring to keep the general talk.

"You were telling me about Cynthia's father," said Dallas.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bennett, taking up the thread of her tale. "He was looked on as one of the most honorable bankers in the city. And so he was until his misfortune."

"Misfortune?"

"More misfortune than crime. His wife was a girlhood friend of mine, so perhaps I am prejudiced in his favor."

A famous financier—a dear friend of his—induced him to make a very large loan that proved to be a mistake. He went to the financier for advice as to how to recoup the loss. The financier told him of an investment by which he could get all the money back without any risk and could make good the loan. Mr. Garrison took his advice, used the bank's funds for the purpose and—the investment proved worthless. The bank was insolvent. Mr. Garrison shot himself."

"Horrible! Horrible!" murmured Dallas.

"The horrible part of the whole story came out later," said Alwyn Bennett. "It seems the financier had deliberately ruined Mr. Garrison and was on the other side of the deal by which the bank's funds were lost. In other words, he persuaded his friend to put money in what he knew was a losing venture, then took that money himself."

"He did it willfully," chimed in Mrs. Bennett, "knowing his friend would be ruined and that the bank's money which he lured Mr. Garrison into investing was going to swell his own ill gotten fortune."

"I did not think any one lived who could do such things!" shuddered Dallas. "Poor Cynthia!"

"Cynthia suffered least of all," said Mrs. Bennett. "She was little more than a child at the time. Her mother died of grief, and her brother—a promising, clever young fellow just entering college—disappeared."

"Deserted Cynthia?"

"Not so bad as that. He probably

went away sooner than face his father's disgrace and began life somewhere far from home. That was nine years ago, yet ever since then he sends Cynthia a little money every month—not much, but no doubt all he can scrape together above his bare living expenses. She has tried in every way to get in touch with him, but she can't locate him anywhere. There is no clew except that monthly money order. I never knew him very well—in fact, I only saw him once or twice—but I've heard he was a fine, manly boy. The shock must have been worst of all on him."

"So a man lost his good name and his life, his wife died, his son's life was wrecked and his daughter impoverished," mused Dallas, "and all that a financier might grow a little richer. I can't believe it!"

A little ashamed of displaying such vehemence in the presence of one of her uncle's dependents, the girl glanced toward the table. But the secretary had gone.

"My husband," prattled Mrs. Bennett complacently, "always said that the men who rose highest in the money world reached their lofty places over the despoiled bodies of hundreds of victims. Thank God, my boy has no such parental record to look back on. My husband was one man in a million—the soul of honor both in business and in private life. You've read of his splendid civil war record. Then he went into business as a contractor and engineer and earned a fortune, every dollar of it was honest. That's something to be proud of in these money loving days."

"What was the name of the financier who ruined Mr. Garrison?" asked Dallas, still haunted by the narrative she had just heard.

"No one knows. It was suppressed at the time. The facts in the written confession left by Mr. Garrison became public property; but, through political influence, the name of the man responsible for the tragedy was suppressed. Here I sit chatting on doleful topics, while those two young people are running all over the place unchaperoned. Excuse me, won't you, and I'll look them up!"

(Continued next week)

MORGAN COUNTY.

Insko.

Mrs. Alfred Crase and Mrs. B. F. Elam visited friends and relatives at Robbins Saturday and Sunday.

Eli Allen, of Lee City, agent for the Singer Sewing machine Co., was in this vicinity last week.

Rev. W. H. Elam went to Martin county last week where he expects to attend the Association before returning home.

J. H. Pugh, of Red River, passed through this place a few days ago en route to Cannel City.

Miss Mary Lacy, who has been sick with the fever for the past four or five weeks, died Sunday.

Mrs. Lucinda Lindon has been very low with the fever for the past week.

David Lindon is also very low with the fever, it is hoped that he may recover.

Revs. Wm. Davis and D. M. DeBord, of Cannel City, preached a very interesting sermon for us Sunday.

S. M. Caudill has returned from Rowan county where he has been for the past week on business.

Preston Crase, who had a number of visitors Sunday the following is a partial list of their names: Misses Rhinda and Esther Allen, Mary L. Valanche and Josie Wages, Clemma and Rowena Crase and Hester Lindon Messrs Cager Centers, Floyd Watson Parir, Conley, J. H. Crase, Henry Hammons and W. B. Davis and they all enjoyed themselves.

MCGWIMP.

Cincinnati Markets.

Sept. 16.—Hogs, market easy and lower; butchers and shippers \$7.30 to \$7.35; common \$4.50 to \$7.50. Cattle—Market slow and weak; fair to good shippers \$4.50 to \$5.49; common \$2 to \$2.50. Sheep—Market slow and easy at \$1 to \$3.60. Lambs—Market slow and lower at \$2.25 to \$5.85.

**DON'T MISS
YOUR
OPPORTUNITY AT
RIVERSIDE INSTITUTE.**

You must enroll during September to get the big reductions during the year.

An able, experienced teacher, Prof. Edward Duker, of Napoleon, Ind., has been employed to assist G. E. Drushal, Superintendent and Principal. Others will assist as necessity demands.

Come to the Institute and we will find a good place for you to board. Call or address

**G. E. DRUSHAL,
LOST CREEK, - - - KENTUCKY.**

WOLFE COUNTY.
Campton.

Henry Lindon (col.), of Daysboro, was brought before Esq. S. F. Allen, of this place, Thursday of last week, charged with the murder of Desko Adams. He was released upon an examination of the charge by the court. A large number of Campton's candidates for county offices, as well as a number of their friends, attended the funeral meeting on Gilmore last Sunday. G. W. Sally, of Stillwater, was in town Monday on business. G. B. Stamper, county attorney, attended Esq. Hollon's court, on Holly, last Friday. Prof. E. E. Whiteside has resigned his position as principal of K. W. A. and Prof. G. C. Allen has been appointed in his place. George Center, of Stillwater, and Oia Miller, of Devil's Creek, went to Lexington last week and entered Kentucky State University. Mort Barker, of Rocky Branch, in this county, while in town last Saturday night, was shot through the neck by some one concealed in the shade of Canoy's livery stable. It is not known who did the shooting, as Barker had no known enemies. It is thought that he will recover, though the wound is a dangerous one. The oil well drilled by Marshal & Spencer, on the Ward Watson farm, proved to be a dry well. This firm will at once begin drilling on the G. W. Lovelace place, on Stillwater, where they already have their derrick completed. Born, to the wife of James Reynolds, on September 5, a boy; to the wife of Rev. J. M. Matthews, September 13, a boy, and to the wife of Couge Wireman, September 11, a girl.

Mary, Wolfe County.

Our school at Antioch has begun with John Williams as teacher.

Religious services were held at Antioch Sunday by Rev. Wright and others. Misses Nellie Roden and Gracie Stamper, of West Virginia, visited Miss Sallie Little Sunday.

Finley Banks visited relatives in Powell county last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Little visited Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Allen, at Campton, Saturday.

Minnie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hollon died last Friday of throat trouble.

Shoes, shoes, shoes being sacrificed at Jones closing out sale.

Don't fail to buy one of those 9x12 Brussels Rugs for \$10.00 at Jones's closing out sale.

Sheriff's Tax Warrant Sale.

By virtue of a Tax Warrant in favor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and Breathitt county, vs. D. Davis' heirs, which issued from the Clerk's office of the Breathitt county court, now in my hands for collection, I, or one of my deputies, will on

Monday, Sept. 28, 1908,

between the hours of 12 o'clock m and 2 o'clock p. m., at the court house door, in Jackson, Breathitt County, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder, the following property (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the tax warrant, costs, and Sheriff's commissions), to-wit:

One house and lot, lying and being in Breathitt County, Ky., on College avenue, bounded on the east by College avenue, on the north by land of A. L. Hagins, on west by land of Polly Davis, &c., on south by land of G. W. Sewell, levied upon as the property of D. Davis' heirs, a defendant in said tax warrant.

Amount to be made by this sale \$8.64, taxes for year 1907.

Terms—Sale will be made for cash in hand.

Witness my hand this the 15th day of September, 1908.

BRECK CRAWFORD, S. B. C.

By GREY HADDIX, D. S.

Wool, Feathers, Beeswax, Tallow, Ginseng, Yellow Root, Snake Root, Beef Hides.
We especially invite all Farmers to bring their Wool to us
Come and see our Prices.
DAY BROS. CO., Jackson, Ky.

WE WILL PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

WE EXCHANGE THE GOODS ALREADY MADE IN CLOTH FOR IT

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